



QUEEN

ELIZABETH'S

*Opinion concerning TRANSUBSTANTIATION, Or the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament; with some Prayers and Thanksgivings composed by Her in Imminent Dangers.*

**D**URING the Reign of *Q. Mary*, the Lady *Elizabeth* being a Prisoner at *Woodstock*, a Popish Priest came to visit her, and after some Discourse, prest hard upon her to declare her Opinion of the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, to whom she truly and warily answered in these following verses:

'Twas God the Word that spake it,  
He took the Bread and brake it:  
And what that Word did make it,  
That I believe and take it.

The sense of which is more fully explained in the following POEM.

*A MEDITATION how to discern the Lords Body in the Blessed Sacrament.*

**A**ND if Mens Fingers cannot make the Wheat,  
Which makes the Sacramental Bread we eat;  
What Art of Transubstantiation can  
Make God of Wafers, who of Dust made Man?  
When we are by th' Apostle truly told,  
The God-head is not like Silver or Gold;  
Or any thing Corruptions Power can waste,  
For He to all Eternity must last:  
And if the Art of Man can make his Maker,  
The Smith may do as well as do's the Baker;  
Bread was the substance which our Saviour gave,  
And Bread it was the Apostles did receive;  
His Real Body was but in the Sign,  
He gave his Flesh, and Blood in Bread and Wine:  
For if his Body he did then divide,  
He must have eat himself before he dy'd.  
His humane Body which for us was given,  
Is given to us of Bread which came from Heaven;  
The which if we unworthily Receive,  
We eat our Judgments, and our selves deceive.  
In not discerning what his Body is,  
Our Souls are rob'd of everlasting Bliss.  
We must believe the Words of him, who said,  
*This is my Body*, when he gave the Bread:  
And sure that Blood which curd'd in each Vein,  
Did in His Sacred Body still remain,  
Till he was Crucify'd and Slain.  
However, there's great Influence therein,  
Which expiates and cleanseth us from Sin:  
We are made One with him in Holy Union,  
When we in Faith receive the Blest Communion.  
In Commemoration of his bitter Passion,  
Who shed his Blood to purchase our Salvation;  
We on his Merits must depend alone,  
Sufficient 'tis that Merit we have none:  
Nor can there any other Name be given  
To save us, but by him who sits in Heaven.  
His Body here on Earth need not appear,  
When Angels to the Women say, *He is not here*;  
He's not i'th' Press or Cup-board, as some say;  
For then the Mice might carry him away.  
The Primitive Christians never were so blind,  
To think he could be blown away with wind.  
Or that some Thieves or Robbers might devour,  
Him who created Heaven by his Power.  
We are not sav'd by Sense, but by our Faith,  
And ought to credit what our Master saith.  
He call'd himself a *Vine*, and yet we see,  
He was a perfect Man, and not a *Tree*.  
He call'd himself a *Door*; 'tis understood,  
We enter Heaven through Him, and not thro' *Wood*.  
He call'd himself a *Way*, the which doth lead  
Our Steps to Heaven, yet none doth on him tread.  
His blessed Words were oft-times Mystical,  
And are not rightly understood by all:  
Save such on whom he doth that Gift bestow,  
Who to the Ignorant the Truth may shew.  
His Blessed Body Heaven must contain,  
Where He a King eternally doth Reign:  
Until the Resurrection of all,  
Then we with him and Angels ever shall,  
Sing Allelujahs in their Hierarchie;  
For where He is, there must his Servants be.

*A PRAYER of Queen Elizabeth upon her escape from being burnt in her Bed, by a Fire flaming through the Boards of her Chamber, during her Imprisonment at Woodstock in Oxfordshire.*

**O** Gracious Lord God, I humbly prostrate my self upon the bended Knees of my Heart before thee, intreating thee for thy Sons sake, to be now and ever merciful unto me: I am thy work, the work of thine own Hands; even of those Hands which were nailed to the Cross for my Sins. Look upon the Wounds of thy Hands, and despise not the work of thy hands. Thou hast written me down in thy Book of Preservation; read thine own hand-writing and save me: Spare me that speak unto thee, pardon me that pray unto thee. The Griefs I endure enforce me to speak, the Calamities I suffer compel me to complain: If my hopes were in this life only, then were I of all People most miserable. It must needs be that there is another life; for here those live many times longest, who are not worthy to live at all. Here the *Israelites* make Bricks, and the *Egyptians* dwell in the Houses: *David* is in want, and *Nabal* abounds: *Sion* is *Babylons* Captive. Hast thou nothing in store for *Joseph* but the stocks, for *Esa* but a Saw? Will not *Elias* adorn the Chariot as well as the Juniper Tree? Will not *John Baptists* Head become a Crown as well as a Platter? Surely there is great Retribution for the Just, there is Fruit for the Righteous: Thou hast Palms for their Hands, white Robes for their Bodies. Thou wilt wipe away all Tears from their Eyes, and shew thy goodness in the Land of the Living. How good and desirable is the shadow of thy wings? Oh Lord Jesus! That is a safe Sanctuary to flee unto, a comfortable refreshing from all sin and sorrow: Whatsoever Cup of Affliction this Life makes me drink of, it is yet nothing to those bitter Draughts that thou hast already drank for me: Help me, Oh thou my strength, and thereby I shall be raised up: Come thou my Light, and thereby I shall be illuminated; appear thou Glory to which I shall be exalted: Hasten thou Life by which I shall be hereafter glorified. Amen, Amen.

When *Q. Mary* was dead, and the News thereof came to *Q. Elizabeth*, she removed from *Hatfield* to the *Charter-house*, from whence she was Royally Attended to the Tower of London, and Nov. 24. 1558. She set forward from the Tower to pass through the City to *Westminster*. But the Queen considering that she was now exalted from Misery to Majesty, from a Prisoner to a Princess: She very devoutly and religiously lifted up her Hands to Heaven before she would suffer her self to be mounted in her Chariot, and made the following Prayer.

**O** Lord, Almighty and ever living God, I give thee most humble and hearty thanks that thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to see this joyful and blessed day; and I acknowledge thou hast dealt as graciously and wonderfully with me, as thou didst with thy true and faithful Servant *Daniel* thy Prophet, whom thou deliveredst out of the Lions Den, from the cruelty of the greedy and raging Lions; even so was I overwhelmed, and by thee delivered: To thee therefore only be Thanks, and Honour, and Praise, for evermore. Amen.

In 1588, The Spanish Armado invaded the Kingdom; the Design being no less than the Conquest of England; at which time *Q. Elizabeth* having raised a considerable Army of Horse and Foot, who were encamped at *Tilbury*, near the *Thames* mouth; the Queen with a Masculine Spirit, like another *Deborah*, came and took a view of her Army; and going about through the several Ranks of Armed Men, drawn up on both sides of her, with a Generals Truncheon in her hand, walkt sometimes with a Martial pace, another while gently like a Woman: It is incredible how much she encouraged the Hearts of her Captains and Souldiers by her presence, but especially by her most generous and undaunted Speech, which she made in the midst of them, to this effect:

**M**Y Loving People, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit our selves to armed Multitudes, for fear of Treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving People; let Tyrants fear, I have always so behaved my self, that under God I have always placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal Hearts and good Will of my Subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my Recreation and Dis-

port, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the Battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my Kingdom, and for my People, my Honour, and my Blood, even in the dust: I know I have the Body but of a weak and feeble Woman, yet I have the Heart and Courage of a King, and of a King of England too; and think foul scorn that *Parma*, or *Spain*, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the Borders of my Realm; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I my self will take up Arms, I my self will be your General, Judge, and Rewarder of every one of your Vertues in the Field: I know that already for your forwardness you have deserved Rewards and Crowns, and we do assure you in the word of a Prince, they shall be duly paid you: In the mean time my Lieutenant General *Leicester* shall be in my stead; than whom, never Prince commanded a more noble or worthy Subject; not doubting, but by your Obedience to your General; by your Concord in the Camp, and your Valour in the Field, we shall shortly obtain a famous Victory over those Enemies of my God, of my Kingdom, and of my People.

The Queen provided also as good a Fleet as possible, consisting of 140 Ships, divided into 3 Squadrons, commanded by the *L. Howard* Admiral, Sir *Fr. Drake* Vice Admiral, and the *L. Gen. Seamour* Rear Admiral; which being ready to sail, this Religious Princess composed this Prayer for their good Success.

**M**ost Omnipotent Creator and Governor of all the World, that only searchest and knowest the bottom of all hearts and thoughts, and therein seest the true intention of all our Actions: Thou knowest, O God, that it is neither malice, nor revenge for any injury offered us, neither desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of gain, that hath been the occasion of raising and setting forth this Navy, but only that necessary care and wary watchfulness, that neither the malice of our Enemies, nor our own over-security may bring danger to us, or triumph to them: These being the true grounds and reasons of our attempt, as thou, O Lord, knowest, I humbly beseech thee with bended Knees to prosper the undertaking; command the Winds to assist us, and grant us Victory and Deliverance from this imminent danger; that so all may end in the advancement of thy Glory and Honour, the exalting of thy Name, and the safety of this Realm, with the least loss of the English Blood that may be: To these my devout Petitions, Lord give thy blessed Assent. Amen.

After the Defeat of the Spanish Invincible Armado, as they called it, the gracious and godly Queen, who ever held Ingratitude a capital sin, especially toward her Almighty Protector, as she had begun with Prayer, so she concluded with Praises, and Thanksgivings; commanding a solemn Thanksgiving to be celebrated to the Lord of Hosts; and composed her self a Prayer of Thankfulness to this effect:

**M**ost Omnipotent Creator, Redeemer and Preserver of all Mankind; when it seemed good to thy Almighty Wisdom to create the whole Earth; thou didst divide into four several parts the materials thereof, which are since called Elements; and do all serve to continue that orderly Government which thou hast designed them: And all these, O God, out of thy most singular bounty, and unheard of care, thou hast made to serve as Instruments to daunt and destroy our Foes, and to confound their malice; for which, with bowed Heart, and bended Knees, I humbly return hearty thanks and acknowledgment; and it is not the least part of this great deliverance that the weakest Sex hath been so assisted by thy strongest help; that my own People have no cause to complain of my weakness, nor Foreigners to triumph at my ruin: Yea, such hath been thy unwonted Grace in my days, that though Satan and his Instruments have been continually practising against my Life and State, yet thy mighty Hand hath defended us, and thy Wings have covered us, that they have not prevailed against us, neither have we received any damage by them; but have cause to bless and magnifie thy Holy Name, that thou hast clothed our Enemies with shame, and the greatest dishonour: for which great goodness of thine, O Lord, grant that we may be continually thankful, and ever mindful: And if I may find favour in thine Eyes, be pleased, O God, to grant thy countenance and favour to us in my days, that my years may never see any change of thy love and grace toward me, but especially to this Kingdom: which grant, O Lord, for thy Sons sake, may flourish for Many Ages, after I shall go hence and be no more: Grant this, O Lord, in the Name of Jesus. Amen.